

THE JOURNAL:

FREMONT, OHIO.

I. W. BOOTH Editor.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

WHIG STATE NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR.

NELSON BARRERE.

of Highland.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

ISAAC J. ALLEN.

of Richland.

FOR THE CHIEF OF STATE.

HENRY BRACHMAN.

of Hamilton.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

NELSON H. VAN VORHES.

of Athens.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.

WILLIAM H. GIBSON.

of Seneca.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE.

FRANKLIN T. BACUS.

of Cuyahoga.

FOR BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

JOHN WADDELL.

of Cuyahoga.

[THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.]

FOR STATE COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

LOREN ANDREWS.

THE MASS TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

held at Clyde on Thursday last was an enthusiastic meeting. Pretty general unanimity prevailed, and the deliberations of the meeting were conducted with much dignity and decorum. Indeed we can say, that we have never seen a more intelligent assembly upon any occasion. The honest and thinking portion of the community were there, or we are much mistaken. At least we can say that the free thinking portion of the voting community were present. The hearty "aye" which went up when the motion was put to declare Dr. Coles the unanimous choice of the convention as their candidate for Representative proved that the people were duly impressed with the importance of electing a Temperance man to represent them at the next session of the Legislature. It proved too, that the people have seen the fraud and corruption practiced under party protection and which they are called upon to support, simply because the designing leaders had chosen, for their own aggrandizement, to declare it necessary. Now it cannot be doubted that many of these politicians will "open their eyes in wonder" when the light of this truth flashes upon their minds, and more especially when the voice of the freemen of Sandusky County shall be heard at the polls next October, rebuking in thunder tones the presumption of those men who have dared to dictate to them that they should support corruption, crime, pauperism, misery and intemperance. The people are determined to support Temperance. They are determined to vote for their own candidate and not for the candidate of any clique or set of wire-workers and pipe layers. They are determined that, living as they do, in a free country, they will not be ruled by office seekers in the exercise of that dearest of rights—the election franchise. They are satisfied that as men they have a right to think for themselves and a constitutional right to worship at the shrines of political gods of their own choosing.

Their nominee, Dr. Coles of Fremont, is a man of whom they may well be proud. Honored and respected in private life, his retiring and unassuming walks mark him as the man against whom none dare proffer the charge of political corruption and political ambition. His practices in life are in perfect accordance with his profession; he is a Temperance man to the core. The Temperance men of Sandusky County will rally around him at the coming election a reliable Temperance man.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.—

Grace Greenwood who is now in Italy, on asking a poor woman who had placed one candle at the image of a saint, and another at the image of the devil, why she placed one at each, was told by the poor devotee, that "she knew not into whose hands she might fall, so she thought she had better be civil to both."

Thus it is with our politicians, or rather, our office seekers. They put on long pharisaical faces and go to church on Sunday to please the Lord and his people, and on Monday get drunk and curse their Maker to please the devil and his people. They are what may be very appropriately termed good-Lord-good-devil men. We have one beautiful specimen at least, of this sort of men, in Sandusky County. We may have occasion to show up this abortion of nature, ere the sun shall have many times, risen and set.

THE SANDUSKY COUNTY DEMOCRAT SAYS:

"We learn from the best authority that Dr. Coles has signified his intention to decline the proposed honor." Now for the information of the Democrat and the people generally, we would say that Dr. Coles, just as he was leaving on the cars yesterday morning, told a friend that he would not decline. Hence the Democrat must have been misinformed.

MISS JULIA DEAN THE ACTRESS HAS SENT TO

Hon. Chas. M. Gray one hundred dollars to be used for the benefit of the sufferers of New Orleans.

Haynes & Sons have just received a splendid lot of new goods. See advertisement in another column.

Dr. H. Tubbs will be at the Croghan House on Thursday next. Attention is called, to his card in another column.

President Pierce, it seems, is getting himself in hot water by his appointments, which, as appears, do not suit his Barnburner friends. The Washington letter writers state that the President is determined to show them no quarter but put an end to their quibbling and make them "toe the mark" or become private citizens again. Upon this statement the Albany Journal makes the following spicy comment:

"Gen. Pierce was elected as a 'Hunker.' He has been a 'Hunker' all his life. He was put up by a professedly 'Hunker' Convention which accompanied his nomination with a declaration of 'Hunker' principles. He wrote the Convention a 'Hunker' letter. The 'Hunkers' all over the country gave him their unanimous support, and to them he owes his election. He was a 'Hunker' when he wrote his inaugural. The spirit of 'Hunkerism' presided at its conception, and the heart of 'Hunkerism' was rejected by its delivery. He was faithful to the very portals of the White House.

But about those portals there lurks an evil atmosphere, more to be dreaded than the fumes of the Potomac marshes. It brings on forgetfulness of past obligations, and oppresses the brain with visions of insane ambition. None ever entered there without feeling its influence, and none but clear heads and stout hearts ever escape its effects.

The President entered and from that day it surrounded him. Hunkerism was no longer comprehensive enough to suit his ends. He must form a "Grand Junction Ebenezer Union" Democratic Party, which should combine all shades and stripes of 'Democracy' in one harmonious whole. A Cabinet was formed as a nucleus, containing samples of all the new recruits, but not one of the "Old Guard."

With Marcy at the head, and Cushing at the foot, and Davis in the middle, it was compounded to please the most fastidious taste.

The policy of the new Administration was like its structure. Heads of the Whig office holders fell like ripe grain before the sickle. But those reaped who had not sowed. An army of hungry gleaners gathered up the plentiful harvest. 'Barnburners' and 'Secessionists,' and 'State Rights Men' revelled in the fruit of Hunker labors, and joined in a simultaneous though somewhat discordant psalm of praise to President Pierce.

The thing was done. The Grand Junction Ebenezer Union Democratic Party was formed. It exists at this day—a thing of shreds and patches, but of gigantic proportions, held together by the cohesive power of public plunder."

It will last as long as the plunder does, and when it is turned away empty, will resolve itself into its natural elements.

"But to secure this shadow, the substance has been sacrificed. From Maine to Texas the rear body of the party has been shoved aside to make room for the pretenders. They are naturally indignant, and call for the pledges of the Administration to be redeemed."

It is now understood that the proposed nomination of Mr. Dix, as Minister to France, has been abandoned by the Administration, and the prospects of the Barnburners have suddenly and rapidly declined, and those of the Hunkers are rapidly risen, and at present they feel themselves uppermost. What the next session on longness will bring about, no one pretends to tell, but all stand still in anxious expectation.

Hunkerton rejoices, of course, in proportion as the Barnburners feel dejected and cast down.

From the N. Y. Express.

Spirit of the Press.

The "Sun" has no apprehensions that Foreign Potentates or Foreign Priests are going to work mischief to American institutions.—If they do, however, the Sun thinks it will be the fault of Americans themselves. We quote:

"If foreigners have been taught to slun the Bible as a dangerous book, let us attract them to it by showing them the humanizing and charitable influences it exerts on a free people. If they have been brought up in greater awe of the priest than of their God, let us teach them that they should fear God rather than man. We will not lessen Rome's power by living in continual alarm of it. This is the way to strengthen Rome. What have Americans, as true to their principles, to fear from an Italian Potentate, even though he claim to wield the universal power of God on earth? Is the Bible in danger unless we thrust it into every school room, and compel children to mumble over a chapter or two every day? How much of every day do many of those who prate so much about the bible devote to its perusal? We would like to have the answer."

The "Tribune" inclines to put faith in the report we have copied elsewhere, from the Freeman's Journal, affirming that a rupture is likely to take place, in the Pierce Cabinet in consequence of the discordant opinions, its members entertain as to whether the Pacific Railroad shall be made an administration question or not.

The "National Democrat" (Hunker) is quoting from the county press to back up the editors' own opinion that, (in the language of the "Geneva Gazette"—(another Hunker Journal).—

"It is high time that the line of demarcation between Democracy and free-soilism should be distinctly drawn; that all who do not accept the platform as clearly defined in the inaugural, without any reservations, should be assigned their proper places in the ranks of the opponents of the Democracy. The man who will shiver and shake, as with the ague, when the 'compromise measures' are mentioned as part of the Democratic creed, or who will denounce resolutions in relation thereto, couched in the very language of the President himself, as a 'frebrand,' cannot be looked upon as within the pale of the national and harmonious Democratic party."

The "True National Democrat" (Barnburner) publishes the following list of "what it calls the 'Tribune's' Organs (that is the Hunker papers) in this State—

N. Y. National Democrat, Rochester Advertiser Hudson Gazette, Geneva Gazette, Albany Argus, Malone Jeffersonian, Montgomery Bazaar Jeffersonian Co. Democrat, Binghamton Democrat.

The True Democrat, then as an offset counts up 76 papers, that it says are on the side of the 'Barnburners, and then the Editor adds,—

"This table and these companions speak for themselves."

"They prove that the disaffection of the Democracy is confined to the senseless utterances of a few unprincipled and unimportant presses, while fully nine-tenths of the whole Democratic press of our State is sound to the core, and stand pledged to support the National and State administrations, as well as the nominees of the Syracuse Convention. They prove another interesting fact, viz: that all this clamor of the factionists is the blithesome outpouring of disappointed office-seekers; the blind rage of a handful of consequential and worthless political gamblers who, having the control of a newspaper, fancy they must be provided with profitable securities, and are ready to do anything desperate to create an impression that the people are opposed to the administration that will not submit to their demands, nor yield to their menaces. As to 'buying off' the opposition of such creatures, we look on the idea as preposterous, and we should be ashamed of the weakness of an administration that could resort to it. Let the four things take their own course. Treat them with contempt. Expose them thoroughly, and in their thirst for vengeance, like the viper in a circle of fire, they will sting themselves to death, and expire of their own venom and corruption."

The "Liberator" (Garrison's paper) exclaims "Accursed be the Union!" as an apostrophe, a preface to its commentary upon the recent decision of Judge McLean, in the Cincinnati Slave case.

"Judge McLean, (of the Supreme Court of the United States) in giving his decision on considerable length, affirmed the entire constitutionality of that diabolical enactment, the Fugitive Slave Law, and remanded the Fugitive to his master, who was immediately conveyed, without hindrance or molestation across the Ohio river, and lodged in the Covington jail, where he will remain until his piratical owner is ready to proceed home, or to dispose of him to the 'soil buyers.' There was a great deal of rejoicing at Covington over the termination of the trial, and a jubilee was also held in the bottomless pit at the same time. The decision of Judge McLean makes us thank God anew, that we have divorced ourselves from this blood-stained and man-stealing government, and raised the God-fearing cry of 'No Union with slaveholders!'"

In this connection we quite agree with the "Journal of Commerce" that—

"If the leaders of our government, would not actually divorce themselves from it, and go to Haiti or England, or some other country where they can find a government and Constitution to their mind, it would be for the advantage of all concerned. But they have no idea of such a divorce: they still cling to the manifold blessings which the Union confers, including the privilege of reviling their benefactor."

The "Charleston Mercury" does not share the general repugnance there seems to be entertained for the practice of burning the dead—said to have been followed in New Orleans lately, in consequence of the difficulty of providing for them a burial in the ordinary way, but this allegation has been denied. The "Courier" says—

"We are sorry to see the denial, and still more sorry to see it made in a form that seems like repelling an accusation of heinous criminality. Why is this? The burning of the dead and exhuming of their purified ashes in vases and monuments, was the custom of a people who, of all others that ever lived, were most distinguished for their reverence for the rights of sepulture. The custom therefore comes to our remembrance, hallowed by all that is religious and poetical, in the remains of that literature which has civilized and delighted all after ages. Turn, then, from the beautiful and solemn sepulchral ceremonies of the Greeks, in which the sacred flame robbed death of all that was disgusting and corruptible to the intramural burials of large cities in our time, and especially during the visitation of fatal epidemics, and judge which of the two speaks most touchingly of reverence for the dead. Look over the description of a few years past, of the cemeteries of London where burial were done by jolting companies, and so little earth was used in covering the dead, that human carcases were the every day food of dogs and obscene birds. Look at all the great tropical cities of our times, wherein, during epidemics, the cemeteries are redolent of pestilential vapors and scenes of unmitigated disgust. Then ask, if this is really reverence for the dead, which persists in making them at once a poison and a loathing to the living."

Dreadful Tragedy.—James C. Hall, late Postmaster, Shot.

Yesterday evening, about dusk, James C. Hall, Esq., and Dr. F. W. Ames, met on the northeast corner of Fourth street and Broadway, and as they passed Dr. Ames, as we are credibly informed, applied to Mr. Hall a vile epithet, coupled with an oath. Mr. Hall stopped and demanded what was meant by the offensive language, and was told—"Just what was said." At this Dr. Ames directed a blow at Mr. Hall with a sheathed sword-cane. Mr. Hall caught the sheath part of the cane, and as the sword was drawn received a cut across the nose. He then caught the sword in one hand, and with the other dealt his antagonist a severe blow in the face. Dr. Ames then drew a pistol and fired at Mr. Hall, wounding him seriously. Replacing the discharged weapon in his pocket, he drew another, and Mr. Hall, being entirely unarmed retreated and sought protection in the residence, of Mrs. Glasgow. Another shot was fired, which struck in the door.

Mr. Hall was conveyed to his residence, and several eminent physicians called, who pronounced his wound exceedingly dangerous.

Dr. Ames went into his residence which is next door east of Mr. Hall's, and reloading his pistols, appeared upon the sidewalk in a state of frenzy, and desired to see a friend of Mr. Hall that he might shoot him. Some gentlemen presently told him that they were Mr. Hall's friends, and he cooled off slightly, and entered his house, where he was quickly arrested and conveyed to the Station House, where he was secured, and though any amount of bail was offered it was properly refused.

Of Mr. Hall's lofty private and public character it is unnecessary to speak. It is sufficient to state for the information of strangers that he is one of most generally esteemed of our prominent citizens."

The conduct of Dr. Ames was outrageous. Our city has not before been disgraced by an assault so totally inexcusable. This aggravated murderous attack upon so estimable a gentleman as its probable victim, has excited throughout the community a deep sense of horror and indignation.

The original cause of this affair seems to be an old difficulty.—Cin. Commercial

The Williamsburgh Times has the following scrap of poetry which "takes off" the modern detestable practice of "fashionable shopping," and shows the frivolous excuses which the fair ones make for counting merchants and clerks and the price which they usually pay for the indulgence.

Shopping.

She stood beside the counter, The day he'll ne'er forget. She thought the muslin dearer Than any she had seen yet; He watched her playful fingers The silks and satins touch. The clerk looked quite uneasy, And nodded at the boss.

"Show me some velvet ribbon, Barege and satin turks," She said, "I want to purchase!" Then gave the goods a jerk; The clerk was all obedience, He travelled on his shape," At length with hesitation, She bought a yard of tape.

(Written for the N. Y. Musical World & Times)

A Sketch from Life or, The Age of Progress.

Look into yonder window; what do you see? nothing new, surely,—nothing but what the angels have looked smilingly down upon since the morning stars first sang together. Nothing but a loving mother hushing upon her faithful breast a wailing babe; whose little life hangs by a slender thread; mortal life have said, "the boy must die."

A mother's hope never dies.—She clasps him to her breast, and gazes upwards;—food and sleep and rest are forgotten, so that that little flickering taper did not out. Gently upon her soft warm breast she weaves its baby slumbers; long weary nights, up and down the cottage floor, she paces, soothing its restless moaning.—Suns rise and set; stars pale seasons come and go;—she heeds them not; so that those languid eyes but beam brightness. Down the meadow, by the brook, on the hill side she seeks with him the health restoring breeze.

God be praised, health comes at last! What joy to see the rosy flush mantle on the pallid cheek; what joy to see the shrunken limbs grow round with flesh; what joy to see the damp thin locks grow crisp and glossy. What matter, then, the knitting his neglected—or the spinning wheel be dumb, so that the soaring kite or bounding ball but please his boyish fancy, and prompt the gleeful shout? What matter that the coarser fare be here, so that the daintier morsel pass his rosy lip? What matter that her robe be threadbare, so that his graceful limbs be clad in Joseph's rainbow coat? What matter that her couch be hard, so that his sunny head rest nightly on a downy pillow? What matter that her slender purse be empty, so that his childish heart may never know denial?

Years roll on.—That loving mother's eye grows dim; her glossy locks are silvered; her limbs are sharp and shrunken; her footsteps slow and tottering. And the boy? the cherished Joseph? he of the bold, bright eye, and sinew limb, and bounding step,—surely from his kind hand shall flowers be strewn on the dim, downward path to the dark valley?—surely, her son's strong arm be hers to lean on!—his voice of music sweeter to her dull ear than any song's singing.

No, no.—The hum of busy life has struck upon his ear, drowning the voice of love. He has become a man! refined, fastidious—and to his forgetful, unfeeling heart (God forgive him!) the mother who bore him is only—"the old woman."

FANNY FERR.

NEW YORK LIFE.—

An occasional correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from New York, gives this account of the manner of living there:—

"The General style of living and the heavy expenditure in New York, has no parallel either in this country or in Europe, in the same rank and class of society. It is, to be sure, far exceeded by the immensely rich nobility of England; the bankers, merchants, and traders of England are very far exceeded in their style of living and personal expenses by the corresponding classes of this city. There is also here an absurd rivalry on this subject."

"The man with \$50,000 wishes to live on a footing with his neighbor who has \$100,000; this latter with another who was accumulated \$500,000; and this latter again with the millionaire of the 6th avenue. This disposition, and the practice of it, is exhibited in every form, by the men in their towns and country houses, in their furniture, fast horses, and splendor of their dinners, and the quality of their wines; by the women in their bonnets, dresses, laces, cashmere shawls, equipages, balls and soirees; and the general desire of show and parade extends not only to their weddings, but even to their funerals and the habiliments of woe."

"The rich men are, some few exceptions, the great men of New York; and though a Hamilton or a King, a Webster or an Everett would be fully and properly appreciated by very many in this city, still a large majority would regard with more deference and treat with a greater degree of respect and attention some nobody who had a million of United States six per cent stock standing in his name."

"There is also in New York a general, and may be called vulgar, practice to tell the costs of any thing. If you are at a ball or soiree, if you do not hear of it at the time, you are sure to learn it in the gossip of the next forty-eight hours, that the natural flowers displayed in the rooms or on the supper table cost so many hundred dollars; that Waller was paid such a sum for the supper; that the hire of the extra plate and glass cost so much, that the band had had a like amount for its services, and the whole entertainment involved an outlay of perhaps two or three thousand dollars. If it is a dinner party, you are sure to learn that Waller or some other 'crookery man' charged fifteen dollars for each guest for his viands, besides ornaments and the desert, and that the Madeira wine was \$18 and the sparkling Moselle \$6 per bottle."

"But it is on the occasion of a wedding among the 'upper ten' that gossip feasts and revels.—Every part and parcel of the bride's array has its cost announced to the very dollar. Her lace veil cost \$800, presented by such a relative; her diamond, or stomacher, \$1,000, presented by another relative; her necklace, \$1,500, probably presented by the groom; her dress of such material, cost \$1,000, with so many yards of lace on it at \$30 per yard; and altogether her entire costume and parure as she stood up at the ceremony cost \$8,000 or \$9,000 or may be \$10,000; then she had one cashmere shawl which cost \$1,500, another \$1,000 and such and such bridal presents, presented by such and such persons that cost \$1,000, \$500, \$400, \$300, and \$100 respectively; the poor bride, it is to be hoped, being all this time ignorant of these disclosures, and equally so how such information got about."

For the Journal.

"For the love of money is the root of all evil."

Eighteen hundred years ago when the world was going along in a slow pace, increasing in wealth only as their sheep and cattle increased in number; when a few thousand dollars constituted all their wealth, which was by no means generally distributed among the masses, yet even then men loved money, and their love of it, was the "root of all evil."

To gain riches then, was a slow process compared to the present age, yet slow as it was the love of it urged them on in the pursuit, perhaps with as much vigor as at the present time. But had the apostle lived in this age, of steam power, telegraph and Rail Road communication, an age when all the resources of the earth are accessible; when all men with ordinary exertion may become rich, when the whole world is in commotion, and all reaching out their hands to grasp the riches earth can give, it would reaffirm the truth "the love of money, is the root of all evil."

What will men not do for the love of money? The most sacred domestic ties, have all been broken asunder, to gratify this passion. The dagger has been plunged into the heart of our fellow man.

Rail Road companies, and steam boat captains, have recklessly rushed head-long, thousands of their fellow beings, to an untimely end, for the love of money.

But look yonder; See with what activity men are rolling into the thousands of establishments which our cities, towns, and country abound barrels, filled with death and ruin, which it is to be dealt out indiscriminately to all who may be tempted by his unholy appetite, and ungodly associates to taste the fatal poison. Did those barrels contain powder then would the community be safe, for the vendor is held responsible for its safe keeping. Did they contain arsenic then would the traffic be restrained, so that no harm would ensue. Did they contain nutritious food, for man, or beast all would be well. But what means that crowd yonder?—What means those decenter, filled and placed in the most enchanting position. Let the tears of that once noble hearted woman now a wreck, deprived of all she once held sacred and dear, answer. Let the rags, filth, and horrid odors, of that once noble hearted young man, the pride of his dotting mother, answer. Let the wife and children, who dread the return of the husband and the father, answer. Let the man bereft of reason, now a madman, a raving maniac, answer, if he can. Let the convicts, now in their dungeons, some of whom are from our own county, and have drank of the cup poured out by the hand of some of our own townsmen, answer. Let the man whose hands are stained with the blood of innocence now expiating his guilt upon the gallows, answer. ask the man surrounded by ten thousand imaginary devils, now in the agonies of death calling for help, shrieking, groaning dying, cursing the day that he was born, cursing his God, and staring wildly in the face of him, who for the "love of money," has sent him reeling down to hell, with the look of a demon gnashing his teeth with rage, and indignation, he cries out: Oh! wretched man that thou art, for less than thirty pieces of silver, you have kindled this fire within, that is burning me up, you have created this worm, that cannot die, this hell which I feel, and these devils which torment me day and night, you have murdered me for my hard earnings, you have beggared my family;—All, All, "for the love of money."

Look again; behold that man standing yonder, before that man of smiling countenance. A poor besotted, filthy, wretched, inebriate, with a few shillings in his pocket, and a starving family at home—let us draw near and hear what he is saying.—Hark! "Here is my money give me drink! There's my clothing and my food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food, and fire, of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family, and the peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have rubbed from my landlord, fees I have rubbed from the school-master, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shop-keeper—give me drink! Pour me out our drink, for more I will yet pay for it! There's my health of body, and peace of mind!—There's my character as a man, and my profession as a Christian—I give up all—give me drink! more yet, I have to give!—There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed—there—there—is all hope of salvation! I give up my Savior! I give up my God! I resign all! All that is great, good, and glorious, in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be drunk! The price accepted by the smiling man behind the counter—the glass is filled, its contents is drank, the money drops into the drawer and he wipes his mouth, and turns away, saying it is his own fault; "If I had not accepted the price, some one else would, and it is true that such men live in a Christian land, and in the nineteenth century!" "Hear, Oh! heavens, and give ear Oh! earth."

COLD WATER.

From the Piscataway (Cal.) Herald.

Discovery of an Ancient Pyramid.

Travelers upon the Colorado and its tributaries have long since spoken of the existence of ancient ruins in different localities, embraced by the great American desert, lying upon both, though principally upon the west banks of the Colorado, and between it and the California range of mountains. Even Baron Von Humboldt, during his researches among the American continent, discovered unmistakable of the existence of some great remote period, of a race of people entirely unlike, and apparently superior to those inhabiting the continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans.

These evidences are becoming every day more and more conclusive, as the energy, love of travel and novelty of the American people, lead them into earth's wildest fastnesses, and

over its most forbidding, sterile and inhospitable waters. We remark, as above, on personal article for the pen of our San Bernardino correspondent, giving an account of an ancient pyramid, lately discovered upon the great desert of the Colorado, by a party of adventurers live in number, who attempted to cross the desert in a westerly direction from a point on the Colorado, at least two hundred miles above its confluence with the Gila:—

SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY, July 23, 1853.

There has been no little excitement here of late among the antiquarians and the curious, arising from the discovery of an ancient pyramid upon the great Colorado desert, and which fixes the probability beyond all dispute of the possession and occupancy, at some great remote period of time, of the American continent by a race of people of whom all existing history is silent.

A party of men five in number, had ascended the Colorado for nearly two hundred miles above the mouth of the Gila, their object being to discover, if possible, some large tributary from the west, by which they might make the passage of the desert, and enter California, by a new, more direct and easier route inasmuch as there are known to exist numerous small streams upon the eastern slope of the mountains, that are either lost in the sand of the deserts or unite with the Colorado through tributaries heretofore unknown. They represent the country on either side of the Colorado as almost totally barren of every vegetable product, and so level and monotonous that any object sufficient to arrest the attention, possesses more or less of curiosity and interest; and it was this, that led to the discovery, and examination of this hitherto unknown relic of past age.

An object appeared upon the plain to the west, having so much the appearance of a work of art, from the regularity of its outline and its isolate position, that the party determined upon visiting it, passing over an almost barren sand plain, a distance of nearly five miles, they considered its location, (it being the very home of desolation), that the mind can possibly conceive of; nothing less than an immense stone pyramid, composed of layers or course of from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in length. It has a level up of more than fifty feet square, though it is evident that it was once completed, but that some great convulsion of nature had displaced its outer top, so it evidently now lies a huge broken mass upon one of its sides, though nearly covered by the sand.

This pyramid differs, in some respect, from the Egyptian pyramids. It is, or was, more slender pointed, and while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers, receding as they rise, the American pyramid was, undoubtedly, a more finished structure. The outer surface of the blocks were evidently cut to an angle, that gave the structure, when new and completed, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom.

From the present level of the sands that surrounds it there are fifty-two feet; this gives its present height, one hundred and four feet, so that before the top was displaced, it must have been judging from the angle of its sides, it was twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the surface of the sands, it is impossible to determine without great labor.

Such is the age of this immense structure, that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away to the width of from five to ten inches at the bottom of each joint, and the centre of the pyramid so much worn by the storms, the vicissitudes and the corroding of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent, particularly upon one of its sides. We say one of its sides, because a singular fact connected with this remarkable structure, is that it inclines nearly ten degrees to one side of the vertical or perpendicular.

There is not the slightest probability that it was thus erected, but the cause of its inclination is not easily accounted for. By whom and at what age of the world, and for what purpose, this pyramid was erected, will probably forever remain a hidden mystery. The party, in their unsuccessful attempt to cross the desert at this point in their wanderings, discovered other evidences, of a nature that would seem to make it certain that that portion of country upon the Colorado, now the most barren, was once the garden and granary of the continent, and the abode of millions of our race.

Arrival of the Steamship Atlantic.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.

Steamship Atlantic arrived shortly after five, having left Liverpool at 1 P. M. on the 24th.

The Asia arrived at five o'clock, A. M., on the 20th.

Parliament was prorogued on the 20th by commission.

The Queen says she has good reason to hope that an honorable arrangement of the Eastern questions will speedily be accomplished.

Lord Palmerston stated in the House of Commons that he is confident that the Czar will evacuate the principalities without unnecessary delay. The Eastern question otherwise offers nothing new and appears no farther from, or nearer to adjustment.

A slight outbreak has been reported in Servia. A rumored intention of the Austrians to occupy Bosnia is denied.

The Hopedale of Servia has been ordered to Constantinople by the Sultan, for his sympathy with Russia. He refused to obey, so the English and French consuls have withdrawn.

Capitalists are wanted to construct a ship canal from the bend of the Danube to the Black Sea thus avoiding the mouth.

A decree of Napoleon fixes an uniform rate on import duties of breadstuffs 25 cent to Dec 31st and to the same date on tonnage dues to be charge on ships—important corn portraits for part of their cargoes.

The Emperor of Austria is affianced to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria.

The import duty on breadstuffs into the two Sicilies is repealed.

Some popular demonstrations against the authorities have been made at Leghorn.

The export of breadstuffs is prohibited from Greece.

The King of Ava has submitted and peace was proclaimed in Burmah.

The Chinese imperialists, assisted by foreigners, were repulsed in an attempt to retake Shih Ang Hoo.

Liverpool Cotton Market.—Market dull quotations unchanged, although favoring buyers.—Sales, three days, 15,000 bales.

Liverpool Breadstuffs. Market was widely excited by a speculative feeling.